SOLDIERS OF LABOR BY DAY, SOLDIERS OF THE LORD BY NIGHT.

IN THE RANKS of the St. Louis Salvation Army are men and women who earn their living as teamsters, bootmakers, carpenters, paperhangers, street car conductors, printers, coal dealers, coffinmakers, candymakers, washerwomen, servants, clerks and stenographers.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. BREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

ADJUTANT JOHN BREE, the local commander of the Salvation Army, has been delivering a series of lectures to disabuse the public mind of many false notions which he says it entertains regarding the inside workings of a Salvation Army corps.

"Too many people," says the adjutant, "believe that we live together in barracks, in idleness, on charity, and for motives none too unselfish. The public does not know that the army pays nothing to its soldiers, but expects them to contribute time and money toward its support; that our bandsmen are among them in all capacities during the day, and are often the only Christians in their families. We don't wear uniforms all day."

Of the soldiers who meet at the headquarters of the army, at No. 1413 Franklin avenue, four are teamsters, five are bootmakers employed in factories about the city, five are carpenters, three are paperhangers, one is a street car conductor, one is a printer, one is a coal dealer, one is a candy-maker, and another is a maker of coffins; of the women soldiers six are washerwomen, six are servant girls, three are clerks, and two are stenographers, while others, living at home, have time to sell War Cries, the proceeds, every cent, going to the support of the army.

The officers are paid salaries, Commander Booth Tucker and his wife together drawing $15 a week. But rent and car fare are paid by the corps. The salary of a lieutenant is $6 a week to a man, $5 to a woman. This decrease of $1 a week to women continues throughout all grades. A captain draws $7 a week, but if he marries he and his wife together are allowed $10. An ensign draws $8, if married $11, and an adjutant $9, or if married $12. The highest salary paid by the army is $16 a week, to a married brigadier, whose office corresponds to that of Bishop in the church. In all cases, however, rent is paid, and $1 a week added for each child a couple may have up to three. After the third child no increase may be had. But there is a proviso which frequently cuts down an officer's salary. Each corps must be self-supporting; that is, all outstanding bills must be paid before 1 cent can be appropriated toward salaries.

A soldier can become an officer only after showing ability, and serving an apprenticeship. When the commandant of a corps sees at his meetings a familiar face he will investigate the man's or woman's character. If he finds the person fitted for the work, he may, after seeing that he continues his attendance at the meetings, ask him or her to become a soldier. A soldier is one of the congregation. His entry into the service only allows his wearing of a uniform—for which he pays—to the meeting.

Should the soldier show more than ordinary ability in commanding the attention of an audience, and be proved sincere in his faith, the commandant may ask him to become a cadet. He is then sent to the seminary in New York or Chicago to study the work of the army, methods of approaching the poor and the criminal, and given what instruction in theology he most needs preparatory to the reading he will carry on later by himself and under the guidance of his superior officer. On returning to his corps he will be a lieutenant. There are not many officers. At the headquarters barracks in St. Louis there are only six. The soldiers live as the congregation of any other church.

Many people wonder at the name, "Salvation Army." It was originally the Christian Mission in England, at the head of which was the general superintendent, Booth. He was paid two pounds sterling a week by three philanthropists to do charitable and religious work among the poor. He still draws that salary from the same source, receiving nothing from the army. In preparing an address in 1878, the general superintendent wrote: "The Christian Mission is a volunteer army." He changed this to "an army of salvation." The phrase caught, and soon "Salvation Army" was the name of the body. One of the general superintendent's assistants, John Railston, who is at the head of the work in South Africa, suggested that the title be changed to general, leaving off the superintendent. The other titles followed as a matter of course.

The army invaded America in 1880. "That's the only foreign invasion that has been able to do anything against you people," said Adjutant Bree.

The adjutant and his wife were among the later invaders, but he has become an American citizen.

WEEKLY SALARIES OF SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS.

	Men.		
	Single.	Married.	Women.
Commander Booth Tucker	.....	$15.00	.....
Brigadier	.....	16.00	.....
Adjutant	$8.00	12.00	$7.00
Ensign	8.00	11.00	7.00
Captain	7.00	10.00	6.00
Lieutenant	6.00	.....	5.00

Rent and car fare paid by the corps.

Each married officer allowed $1 a week extra for each child up to the third one.

No salaries paid until all debts against the corps are satisfied.

Officers must buy their own uniforms.

Are Good Clothes Necessary to Success?

Mr. H. H. Vreeland, One of the Most Successful Men in the Country, Holds That They Are, and Advances Other Interesting Theories in a Lecture on "Going Upstairs."

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—A few years ago, H. H. Vreeland was shoveling gravel on a night gravel train.

He shoveled gravel so well that soon he became a brakeman.

He "broke" so well that soon he became a fireman.

He "fired" so well that he was made an engineer; and he learned his engine so thoroughly that he was put into the machine shops and soon graduated from there into the construction department.

That was the beginning of a meteoric advance, which has landed him in the position of president of practically all the surface railroads in Manhattan and the Bronx.

The opinion of such a man on how to achieve success should be worth something; and he gave it freely the other night in a lecture at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church. His subject—in the orthodox way he called it his "text"—was "Going Upstairs," and he dwelt extensively upon the assistance that a good appearance may give on that difficult trip. He began by saying:

"There are no elevators in the house of success."

"I am a great preacher of faith," he continued, "in one's self.

"Man can be too confiding in others, but never too confiding in himself.

"We would have no classes here if every person would know his rights and how to assert them.

"If you believe you have talent you have it. Devote your whole time to the 'job,' let other things go.

"No man can stay on top because he was put there.

"My text to-night is 'Going Upstairs.' I selected this theme because I suppose we are all trying to 'go upstairs' and trying not to fall down.

"There is something very appropriate in such a theme in discussing the way to success, and as I am familiar with the transportation phase of the case, I selected the theme 'Going Upstairs' because I can use some railroad slang that goes right to the point.

"You have asked me to talk of my own experience—how I came to be president of a great transportation system when a few years ago I was shoveling gravel on a night gravel train.

"Of course, when a man deals with his personal experiences he takes a chance of having it said he uses too many 'Is.'

"But if the telling of my own work can aid any one of the young men here to-night, I shall not object if I seem to be slightly egotistic, for I disclaim in the outset any motive other than that which might help you young men I now see before me and any others.

"My father was a clergyman with the two verys—a very small income and a very large family.

"As a small boy I was always in trouble.

"It is the bad boy that often makes the best man.

"Many a mother prides herself on the good little boy who ornaments the sofa when company is in the parlor, but nine times out of ten the 'bad boy' who is out playing pranks has to take care of the good little boy who is being shown off—that is, later in life.

"I started upstairs when I was a boy and jumped upon a locomotive that used to push trains from Thirtieth street to Spuyten Duyvil and begged for the privilege of shoveling coal into the firebox. I learned then and there to love the locomotive.

"A man must love his business with a passion. The man who advises another to keep out of his business is a failure in that business, because he hasn't his whole soul in it.

"When I was a brakeman on a Long Island Railroad train I used to loaf in the shops at night to learn the business of the mechanics.

"In this way I built up the groundwork for the success I have achieved. It all dates back to those long hours.

"If you are hired to do this or that, do just a little more than your employer expects you to do.

"In all big offices no man is more disliked than the 'clock watcher'—the fellow who watches for the time to come for him to quit work.

"Young man, you cannot get advice from anybody who is successful. The successful man is too busy to stop and give advice. It is the failure who is willing to take time to tell others how to start.

"The man who talks business at home is in danger of getting well-meant but risky advice.

"Don't take business matters home. I don't like to say this before so many women, but a man cannot get advice at home. I handle from 15,000 to 20,000 men, yet some of the longest letters I get telling me how to handle these men come from women who do not know how to handle three servants in their own homes.

"I have not a particle of sympathy with the hue and cry against the accumulation of wealth. Suppose a man who had made a million would quit, who would take up his work?

Clothes don't make the man, but good clothes have got many a man a good job.

"A bad man with good manners often outdoes a good man with bad manners.

"Young man, if you have $25 in your pocket and you are looking for a situation, spend $20 for a suit of clothes, $4 for new shoes, and the balance for a shave and a hair cut. Then walk to the place where you hope to get the job.

"Now, as to a college education. The college man will not subordinate his education to experience. He will not look at the practical side of life. He wants and thinks he ought to have a high rate of pay at the start because he considers his education worth something in dollars and cents.

"Many people depend too much upon others. They are original enough to ask themselves important questions, but instead of thinking out the answer look to others to answer the question that suggested itself to their own minds.

"Give me the young man with some specialty. I want him to have his mind concentrated upon one thing.

"Mr. Joseph Pulitzer hit the nail squarely on the head once when a young man approached him and asked for a job. 'Have you got one idea?' asked Mr. Pulitzer.

"'Yes,' said the young man. 'I've got several ideas.'

"'Well, I want a man with one idea,' replied Mr. Pulitzer. 'See that crowd of people out there? They are all about the same height. Let a fellow eight feet tall come along and mark you how striking he will appear in that crowd.

"That's what I want—a brand new idea that is conspicuous—and just one idea.'

"Don't confound notoriety with success. the most-talked-of men and women are in their real lives utter failures. What is the use of being a hero in the world at large if every time you look in the glass you see a 'no account'?

"How much have you heard of actors and actresses? They are never burdened with financial means.

"Notoriety and publicity are the accidents of certain kinds of human activity.

"Most men who succeed in this world make their own opportunities.

"Don't try to repress your restless boys, but stir up the quiet, easy-going ones that people admire as good boys.

"An Irishman said to me once that I would go on for some years until I got to be a conductor, and that then I would be satisfied.

"'No,' said I, 'I will never be satisfied until I become president of a railroad.'

"I was then a flagman. That Irishman has been a number of years in my employ.

"Young men do not seem willing to devote their time to acquire their business. An English engineer said to me recently:

"'Can you tell me of a man whom I can depend absolutely upon? He can have any salary.'

"'If I knew that man,' I replied, 'I would employ him myself.'

"It is the pressure of affairs that pushes men on and pushes the country on.

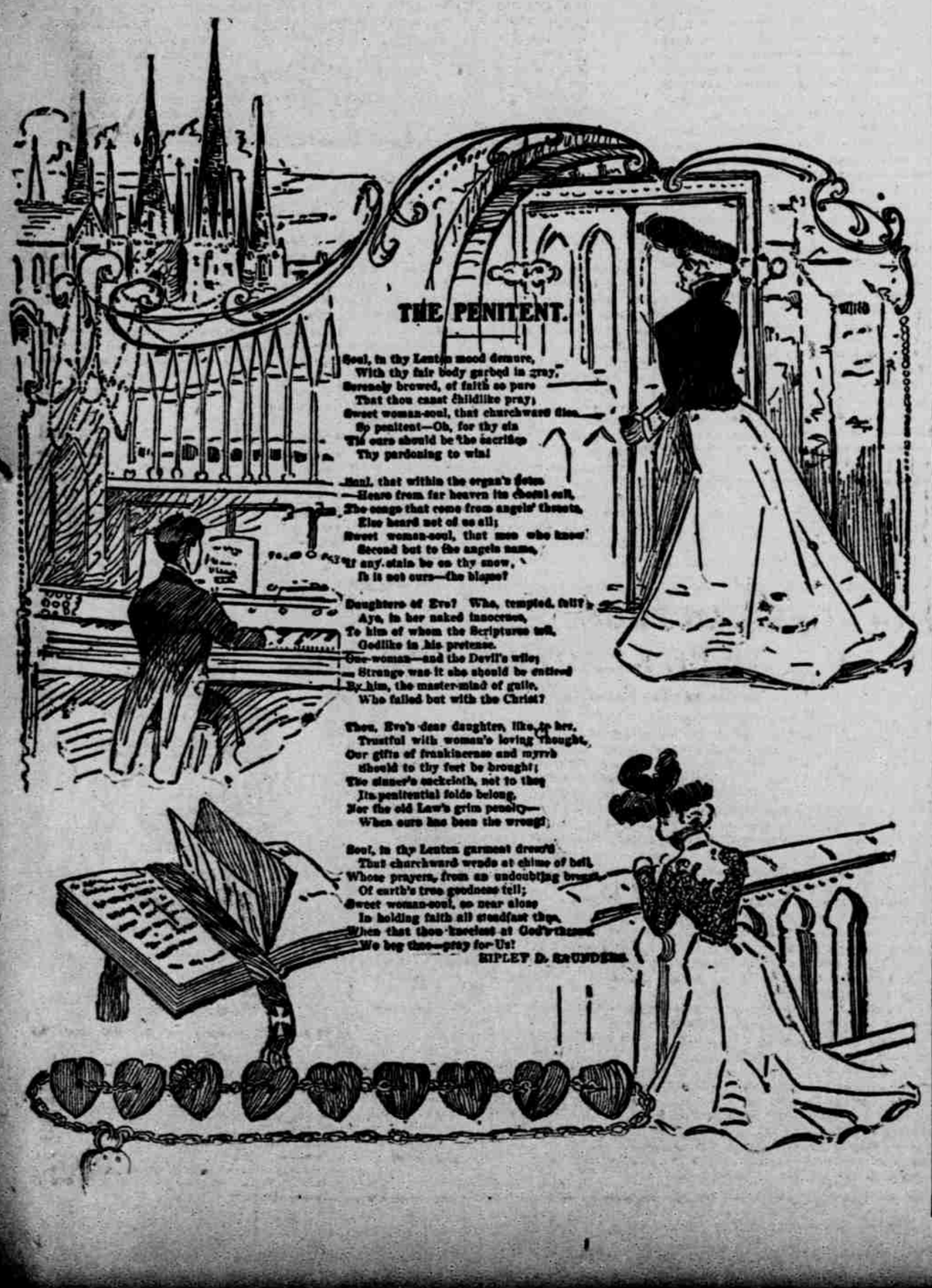
"Men frequently say that you get lost in the shuffle. No one gets lost. Somebody is always watching him.

"If I had a superintendent of a department who did not know just the man to succeed every man under him I would discharge him. We know the men in our large club who are studying the books on electricity and railroad practice.

"When a man stops to think about his finances his mind goes to the Vanderbilts and Goulds and Astors, and when he thinks about success he looks at the few men at the top.

"Don't insist too much upon your own defects and deficiencies. Find out what capacity you have and push for all you're worth and you will be successful in that thing for which you have capacity."

Mr. Vreeland made reference to the club now maintained by the Metropolitan Company, and gave some hints to conductors and motormen. He said that the company was carefully watching the men who attended the club, and used the books in the library, and these men would obtain preference in promotions.



LAST TEAM OF ST. LOUIS CAR HORSES.

These Horses Drew the Last Horse Car Regularly Run on St. Louis Streets. The Man in the Picture, Patrick O'Hara, Known as "Mike," Was the Driver.

"Lucy" and "Julia" of the Fourth Street Owl Car Are in Retirement Awaiting a New Commission, While Mike, Their Old Driver, Is Becoming a Motorman.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

SO closely are the past and the present linked in this rapid age that only within the past ten days has the last horse car in St. Louis has gone out of commission.

For years all but three of the street car lines of the city have been operated by electricity. The exceptions were the Olive street, the Broadway and the Fourth street lines. It is entirely practicable to keep an electric plant running for the operation of owl cars, but it is wholly a different matter with a cable plant. So when the last regular cars on the cable lines were turned in near midnight the cable was stopped, and the cars that ran after that time were operated by horse power.

Some months ago, when electric wires had been strung all along the Olive street line, electricity began to be used as the owl car motive power, although the cable is still in use in the operation of the regular cars. Last summer the Broadway line was completely converted from cable to electric power.

This left only the Fourth street cable line as a field for operations for the old stret car horse. Night by night, jolly old Mike O'Hare—some people call him "Mike" and others call him "Pat," but he is the same unique individual, whatever he is called—drove his stolid beasts from Fourth and Morgan streets to Tower Grove Park and back again from midnight until the first streaks of early dawn. Sometimes, when the load was heavy or the street was slippery with sleet or mud, Mike would order out his passengers and with them would help the horses over the steep places along the route; sometimes, in return for this favor to his team, Mike would call on them to help him out by driving themselves while he took up the collection. For Mike had no fears that they would run away. He knew that they knew where to stop for the "regular," and if it was necessary for him to go a block out of his way to warn an "owl" that it was his last chance to get home the horses would stand still until he got back.

But at 5:49 on the morning of February 15, Mike drove his team into the shed at Eighteenth street and Park avenue, gave them into the hands of the hostler, fetched them a dig in the ribs as an affectionate pat and turned his back on them forever. They did not know what it meant, of course, and when Mike tried to explain they were still "up in the air." They walked slowly to their stalls, ate a few pints of oats and corn, went to sleep and were all ready to go back to work by the next midnight.

But when midnight came and there was no hostler to urge them out in the cold air, they began to get restless. They stamped around in their stalls, whinned and gave other indications of a desire to warn some stupid man that he had forgotten his business.

It was time for them to get out and go to work, and it was not their fault if they did not do so.

But the hours passed, and the old street car team stayed in the two stalls, with never a sign from the men whom they had tried to awaken to a sense of duty, except that every now and then some lusty-lunged hostler would call out:

"Be still, there, you brutes, or I'll take a pitchfork to you! Can't you let a man sleep when he's got the chance?"

So, after a time, they rubbed noses through a crack in the partition which separated their stalls, agreed that it was a hopeless task to try to remind a man of his duty and make him do it, and, taking a philosophical view of the matter, went to sleep.

Next day they were dragged out of their stalls at the unearthly hour of noon and forced to take a long walk over a new route to what men know as Jefferson and Gravois avenues. There they were marched into strange stalls, hitched with strange chains—and left. And to this good day they have not set eyes on Mike.

Mike is not concerned in the least about his old friends. He is busy in a new line just now. He knows—although, of course, the brutes he used to drive could not be expected to know—that electricity has supplanted the cable on the Fourth street system and that the day of the horse car has forever passed in St. Louis. Mike is preparing to be useful in a new capacity—he is "breaking in" as motorman on one of the new three-section cars, and as soon as he gets the hang of the controller and learns how to keep it from balking at a low grade or running away up a steep one, he will have charge of the front platform of the Fourth street owl car.

There is not much of the romantic about Mike. Handling street cars is his business—he has been at it since the stars fell, or since Laclede landed in St. Louis. It is immaterial just what date marks the beginning of his career, as there is no one to dispute his claim to seniority in the service. He has passed through all the stages of development of street-car traffic; he has taken home five or six generations of young fellows who had stayed out rather later than was good for them, and he has been faithful to the trust imposed in him by the old gentlemen whose hair was silver when they first began to ride with him and who are still riding with him. Horse car, cable car, electric car—it is all one to Mike; he will be found on duty just the same, without a regret for the past and without any very serious consideration for the future.

"Sorry, is it?" said Mike, when he was asked if he did not feel a pang of regret at having to sever his long-standing connection with his faithful old team. "Never the bit am I sorry! It's glad enough I am to get on the electric cars. No more pushing a heavy car up the hill at Sixth and Chouteau; no more having the beasts shy at a sheet of paper and try to turn the vehicle over—no more for Mike! I am to stand up in front like a gentleman, and all in the world I am to do is to twist the bit of a controller and the bit more of a brake and let the other fellow do the hard work.

"I am a man of progress. Give me electricity every time, if I have got to take two gray mares instead or do without. My boy, I've seen the time when those two old brutes—Lord knows how old they are, I don't!—wouldn't pull a stick from Morgan street to the end of the line. All the pulling that was done, I did it by pushing—me and gravity together. Of course, when it was downhill, gravity did most of it. The team couldn't balk; it was all they could do to keep their lazy heels out of the way. But uphill? Ask Mr. Harper how many times he has helped me push old No. 10 uphill! Ask him if he hasn't seen me sweat blood and cuss streaks there at Sixth and Chouteau, when there was mud a foot deep on the street, and ice on the rails, and a heavy load on the car until they got out—and there those two old flea-bitten mares, switching their tails and looking wise, making awful bluffs at pulling a lung out, and never doing a bit of it!

"No, sirree! The two old mares can go jump off the bridge if they want to. I am not caring a little bit. There is no fun in driving an owl car where it is pulled by horses that don't know what it is to be proud of a reputation!

"What are the names of the two brutes? Hang me if I know! One of 'em is called the Lucy horse; you wouldn't print what I called the other one."

The Republic man paid a visit to the old owl car horses at their new home, at Jefferson and Gravois avenues, the other day. They are housed in dingy old stables and are under the care of R. J. Lynch, superintendent of teams for the Transit Company. They look the relics that they are. Both are flea-bitten, but "Lucy" is notably so. There is almost as much rusty black as there is dusty white in her badly frayed coat. Bones stick out prominently at the most unexpected places; there are lumps on her knees where she has fallen in her long years of service, and there is a limp in her off fore leg that suggests the necessity for a rest. The other member of the team is called "Julia," and there is less of black in her coat. But there are more knots and scars about her. Mr. Lynch declares that each is about 19 years old and that they have been in railroad service for thirteen years. "They will not be sold," he says. "There is enough work for them to do—light work, which they haven't been used to. The company will keep them as long as they are on earth, I guess."

GOOD STORIES OF MISSOURI LAWYERS

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

They tell this story on Judge John W. Henry, now of Kansas City, but who about twenty-three years ago occupied the bench of the then Twenty-seventh Judicial Circuit of Missouri, which consisted of Putnam, Schuyler, Adair and Macon counties. A lawyer named Simpson, who hailed from St. Joseph, was arguing a motion for a new trial, during the course of which he was particularly scathing in his criticisms of the Court's rulings during the trial proper. Finally his Honor became a bit impatient, and said:

"For goodness sakes, Mr. Simpson, please give the Court credit for a little sense, any way."

Quick as an electric flash the lawyer responded:

"But, your Honor, in a motion for a rehearing the law says we cannot take cognizance of anything not developed at the trial!"

Gardiner Lathrop of Kansas City tells this: The witness had been describing a murder, and he seemed overanxious to convict the defendant. The defense was an alibi. The witness had told how he had seen the defendant slip up to the deceased, plunge a jeweled knife into his heart, and he had even gone so far as to distinguish the sort of buttons he had on his coat, although it was nighttime. The defense got hold of him something in this way:

"You say you saw this murder committed?"

"I am certain of it, sir."

"It was 9 o'clock at night?"

"Yes, sir; the clock in the church tower had just struck 9."

"I believe you said you were about seventy-five feet away?"

"Between seventy and seventy-five feet; somewhere along there."

"Of course this killing was not done under an electric light?"

"Oh, no; it was done in an alley. There were no lights there."

"And yet you say you distinctly remember that you saw a jeweled knife in the defendant's hand, and that the buttons on his coat had a curious little cross on them?" Then, musingly: "And yet you were seventy-five feet away and it was a dark night? Now, are you lying or were you drunk?"

"Oh," said the witness, "you can figure it out to suit yourself. I don't care anything about the case, anyhow."

There was an Irishman named Patrick Cane on the stand up at Macon a few years ago during the trial of the case of a damage suit against a railroad. Pat was a most decided witness, and his witty replies caused much amusement among the lawyers and spectators. All efforts to entrap him were skillfully parried by the intelligent son of Erin, whose native good sense was more than a match for the "big wigs." The defendant's attorney said:

"Now, Pat, which way did you say these boys were looking when the train came in?"

"East, sor."

"East. Ah-ha! And now state which way their backs were?"

"Well, sor," said the witness, "their backs wus facing west."

The following yarn is said to have emanated from H. Clay Heather, the Daniel Webster of Marion County, but Clay insists he has made it a lifelong business rule to never repeat a conversation with a client. However, it's a Missouri story, and the incident occurred almost literally in one of the northwestern counties of the State.

He entered the law office like a man who had come up to have his teeth pulled. He took off his hat the moment he crossed the threshold, and nervously twitched it in his hands. A keen-eyed, intelligent-looking man, seated at a roll-top desk, whirled his chair around and glanced inquiringly at the prospective client.

"Is this the office of Messrs. Holdup & Doem?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Anything wanted?" The man took a seat near the lawyer and shifted uneasily in his chair. His unquiet eyes finally sought the floor and he began his story, which was as follows:

"You see, mister, I have hearn tell that when a fellow calls you names you can go after him and make him pay for it."

The lawyer nodded encouragingly.

"Well, Bill Dobson, who lives jining farms to me, out in the Raccoon School District, has been telling it around that I am the biggest liar in the county."

The attorney remarked that ought to be good for $5,000 anyway. The man brightened up, raised his eyes from the floor and continued:

"And he did a heap sight worse than that. He said I went down to his crib one night and got away with a lot of corn and stole his harness that was hanging up in the barn."

"Why, these are the most infamous accusations to make against a man!" warmly responded the lawyer. "We will make him sting for that if he's worth anything. I guess we'd better get it up for $10,000."

"Well, it's just as you may say, but that ain't all. He said that my gals were the worst ones in school, and they had to be expelled for cutting up and raising the mischief. And he said that my boy robbed Parson Riley's henhouse and stole ten of his yellow-legged pullets and a dozen or so of eggs. He blowed this all around among the neighbors, he did."

"The mischief he did! Do you suppose you can get plenty of witnesses to prove that?" asked the barrister, excitedly.

"Witnesses! Witnesses! Why, I can get half the township down if that's all you want. He has told it to every man, woman and child in the country, and he even repeated it right to my face in front of a crowd down there at school meeting the other night."

"My gracious, man! You have got a lead-pipe cinch, sure. We will make him come down with a cool $20,000 for it certain as preaching. You just give that to me. You won't need to get any other lawyers to manage this case. By the way; of ocurse, you can easily prove a good character by your neighbors?"

"Eh?"

"I say your neighbors will swear to your truth and honesty? You know the defendant will likely introduce a lot of bribed witnesses to swear against you. They always do. You'll have to prove, you know, as a matter of form, that you have a good reputation there."

"I will, eh?"

"Oh, certainly. You never did any of those things he charges against you, did you?" queried the attorney.

"Why—the fact is—I—I—just went over there one night and got a little corn when I was short. I was going to pay it back in a day or two, but they didn't give me a chance, and had me up before the justice as soon as they found it out. I told 'em how it was, but the blamed fool jury didn't believe me and stuck me for $25 fine. That's why I want to get even with him. And I guess my gals were a little frisky at school, but that dough-faced teacher from Kansas City needn't have got so all-fired smart about it and turned them out. And the boys only took nine chickens from the preacher and one measly little bantam."

"And do you mean to say that all these things said about you are susceptible of proof by the court records and the neighbors?" asked the attorney, indignantly.

"I guess they are, but I thought maybe—"

"Do you know what a slander is?"

"'Er course I do. If calling a feller a liar, a thief and a scoundrel ain't slander, in the name of all creation, what is?"

"Well, you are innocent. If I were to call you a — fool it wouldn't be slander, because every man in your community would swear that it was merely a statement of the fact. You had better go home and get one of your kids to read to you some out of the First Reader, and by and by maybe you'll know the difference between calling a liar a liar and calling a gentleman a liar. No, there'll be no charges for this advice. Good-by."